of nobility, of beauty, rather like Eleonora Duse's. The mouth and the formation of the eye were lovely. Her guiltlessness of make-up off the stage was so attractive ! She used to come in to a supper with a lovely shining face which scorned a powder puff. The only thing one missed was the red hair which seemed such a part of her on the stage.

Here is a dear letter from the dear, written in 1890 :

"MY DEAR Miss TERRY, —

" Of course the first thing I was to do when I reached Paris was to write and thank you for your lovely red feathers. One week is gone. To-day it rains and I am compelled to stay at home, and at last I write. I thought you had forgotten, me and my feathers long ago. So imagine mjr delight when they came at the very end. I liked it so. It seemed as if I lived all the time in your mind : and they came as a good-bye.

' ' I saw but little of you, but in that little I found no change. That was gratifying to me, for I am over-sensitive, and would never trouble you if you had forgotten me. How I shall prize those feathers — Henry living's, presented by Ellen Terry to me for my Rosalind Cap. I shall wear them once and then put them by as treasures. Thank you so much for the pretty words you wrote me about ' As You Like It.' I was hardly fit on that matinee. The great excitement I went through during the London season almost killed me. I am going to try and rest, but I fear my nerves and heart won't let me.

" You must try an4 read between the lines all I feel. I am sure you can if any one -ever did, but I cannot put into wards my admiration for you — and that comes from deep down in my heart. Good-bye, with all good wishes for your health and success. - .

' " "I remain
"Yours most
affectionately,
REHAN.
"

I wish I could just once have played with Ada Rehan.
When Mr. Tree could not persuade Mrs Kendal to come and